

An Aerial Opera
and Other Poems



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**BISHOP'S HOUSE,
ABERDEEN.**

AN AERIAL OPERA
AND OTHER POEMS

AN AERIAL OPERA AND OTHER POEMS

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"Last Leaves," Etc., Etc.*

ABERDEEN
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NOTE

The following poems were composed between the years 1867 and 1911, and the arrangement of the various sections is mainly chronological.

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PRELUDE

Full well I know my muse is not supreme,
God doth not grant a Shakespeare every day ;
And mighty Milton's white-rob'd majesty,
A fixed, immortal star we sure may deem.
Not mine the sea-born music, fire and art,
That give to Swinburne his unique renown,
The tender grace that Tennyson doth crown,
Or Burns' rare power to touch and teach the heart,
Nor Wordsworth's pure-soul'd, broad-based sanity,
The strength of Byron, Shelley's mystic power,
Keats' luscious beauty, or the wizard dower
Vouchsafed to Coleridge. So let it be ;
I *glory in their fame*, and am content
With my one talent—if but wisely spent.

AN AERIAL OPERA

“Mere gossamer, my Lord, a thing of air”

Old Play



AN AERIAL OPERA

SCENE FIRST

Mid air. MARCH, wooing APRIL, is disturbed by the presence of WINTER, whom he thus addresses—

MARCH.

Why lagg'st thou here, old hoary-head,
Think'st thou to woo sweet Spring?
Thy very breath would chill her dead—
Hence, grim and ghastly thing!
Nay, never shake thy shivered spear,
Nor crest thy head of age;
Thy stony stare inspires no fear—
Away, chafe not my rage!

WINTER.

Ha ! dost thou beard me so ;
Ho, ho ! my armour-bearer, ho !

MARCH.

Waste not your breath with thy Ho, ho, ho !
For thine armour-bearer lies low, low,
In a coffin of ice, in a bed of snow,
In that far-off land thou soon shalt know.

APRIL *to* MARCH.

My Lord, you speak too harsh, you know
The agèd childish grow ;
And pettish too,
And frettish too ;
Speak him more gently, and he then may go.

MARCH *to* APRIL.

My dearest Love, my primrose sweet,
I throw me at thy wisdom's feet,

Well wotting that thy words are meet,
Because thy heart is true.

APRIL.

My Lord, you flatter.

MARCH.

Nay, that I could not do.

APRIL.

More now than ever, on my heart—
But this apart—
Methinks, if I but will it so,
Old snowy-pate, King Ho, ho, ho,
Will stretch his scraggy wings and go.

MARCH.

I know, Divinest, thou can'st charm
The solid earth and subtle air,
Yet fear I still to trust my sweet
With this ungainly bear.

APRIL.

Fear not, but only say thou wilt
Control thy blust'ring rage,
The while I him engage,
And soon thou'll see his power—
His air-built, icy tower—
Beneath my influence melt.

MARCH.

Well, if my fair will have it so,
I have no heart to say her No.

SCENE SECOND

APRIL *to* WINTER.

Good father Winter, let me wrap
This mantle round thy form ;
'Twill fend thee from the tempest's breath
And arrows of the storm.

WINTER.

I heed them not, cold is my element,
Yet, gentle lady, may not but consent.

APRIL.

There, Father—light altho' it seems,
'Tis wonderfully warm—

WINTER.

'Tis well, I thank thee ; may the gods—

APRIL (*aside*).

Forbid he takes alarm.

APRIL to MARCH—Now then, let's go.

MARCH—Ay, let's retire,

APRIL—Altho' he's brave, he can't stand fire.

WINTER (*alone*).

Ye gods, how strange, how faint I feel,
Hot grows my heart, my senses reel ;

This mantle's sure bewitched, and draws
From forth my joints their strength, bethaws
My ice-bound frame, mine eyes wax dim,
And all things dimly dance and swim.
I die—I know, I feel, I die.
Who could have deemed?—but words are vain—
Since name and kingdom both are gone,
My power dissolved on sea and plain,
And naught now left save death alone,
Which, let me meet with dignity
As doth befit a king. [*He dies.*]

SCENE THIRD

Enter MARCH and APRIL.

MARCH.

Mysterious Daughter of the skies,
At whose strange touch the strongest dies,
And at whose bidding life and beauty rise.

APRIL.

Your fancy towers,
You speak in flowers.

MARCH.

I am by nature rude and boisterous,
But love and beauty work on me,
As on the sullen night the sun-souled dawn,
So lose I, sweet, myself in thee.

APRIL.

Fye, fye, thy eloquence,
O'ershadoweth thy sense.
Come—How now, art moonstruck,
That thou lagg'st behind?
Or hath my changless lover changed his mind?
Ha, mercy, but thou lookest pale;
Speak, speak, my Lord, art ill, art ill?

MARCH.

Ay, ay, my love, ill, ill indeed ;
O, Death, dumb Death, why this cruel speed ?
Come closer, Dearest, let me kiss
 Once more those lips of thine,
Gaze on the soul of all my bliss,
 Ere sets this soul of mine.

APRIL.

Nay, nay, thou must not die, love ;
 How can we, can we, part ?
For tho' our forms be twain, love,
 Our hearts are but one heart.

MARCH.

It needs must be, O, misery !
 My doom is sealed, the moment's nigh—
Give me thy hand—fare-fare-thee-well,
 I can no more—I die, I die ! [*He dies.*]

SCENE FOURTH

APRIL, alone, singeth mournfully as follows—

Alas ! alas ! my love is dead,
Beats no more that heart so true—
Come, my Spirits, o'er his form
Flowerets strew, flowerets strew.

O, my March, my noble March,
Who lov'd with a love so true ;
Come, my Spirits, o'er his form
Flowerets strew, flowerets strew.

O, that brow, and O, that eye,
That dear heart which loved so true ;
Come, my Spirits, o'er his form
Flowerets strew, flowerets strew.

*Enter Spirits, singing, and strewing flowerets over the
body of MARCH.*

SPIRITS' SONG.

Gentle Lady, Mistress ours,
From the realm of sun and flowers,
At thy bidding,
We come speeding.
Lo, the garment we have made,
Green, with gold and white inlaid,
In which to wrap th' loved—th' dead.
But, we charge thee,
Stay not here,
Time is flying,
And the year
Longs to greet thee,
Stay not here.

*[Spirits vanish, and APRIL betakes herself to a
chariot of light inlaid with the essence of
flowers, drawn by the SOUTH WIND, and so-
wise descendeth to the earth, singing as she
descends.]*

APRIL'S SONG.

Ah, woe is me, my Lord is dead,
And in his grave my heart is laid,
My joy, my hope, my heart is laid ;
Ah ! woe is me, my Lord is dead.

But hush, my grief, for my subjects wait,
To welcome me at my Kingdom's gate ;
Eternal Spirit of the years,
Thou hear'st my groans, thou see'st my tears,
Vouchsafe Thy influence to shed,
That by its never-failing aid,
I so may reign as to approve
Me worthy of my lost Lord's love.

ETERNAL SPIRIT OF THE YEARS.

I grant thy prayer, and through all future years
My Sun shall tend thy steps, and glorify thy tears.

SONNETS

SONNETS

A SUMMER SHOWER

A swift, clear shower, and then again shone forth
The heav'n's fine blue all rich and radiantly,
And birds that for a space did pause in doubt,
Renewed with added gust their melody ;
And sportively the cattle roamed about
In field or wood, with eyes brimful of fun,
And all again was wreathed in smiles and mirth,
Beneath the cheering influence of the Sun.
Seemed it as if Dame Nature's tears had been
But feigned, or she had wept for very glee ;
O, soothing to the heart it is, I ween,
Alone to musing stray at such an hour,
And grateful view Earth's blissward tendency,
And know it is her everlasting dower.

TO A NEWLY FOUND FRIEND

Beattie, my Friend—for I will call thee Friend,
Tho' our communion is but twin days old—
For runs there not betwixt our souls, a free,
Untollèd highway of pure sympathy.
True Friendship, soothly, little doth depend
On lagging time ; two kindred spirits may
Be fused in briefest space, and love for love
For evermore exchanged, in one short day ;
For intellectual sympathy is bold,
And scorns the cold world's craven policy.
And so, my Friend, I hail thee, and above
Or gold, or titles, prize thy mind and heart ;
Rest then, assured, whene'er from busy mart
Relief I find, I'll wend my way to thee.

ICHABOD

The years when Fancy fired my soul seem past ;
Youth's glorious golden dreams for ever fled ;
Love, joy, and hope within my heart are dead,
And all my being's glory, overcast,
Swims in lone fragments on fate's ruthless blast.
And now my life shows like some sluggish stream
That moans its dismal, doleful, length along
A fetid waste, with noxious weeds befraught,
And slimy reptiles lolling in their fat ;
Nor Sun's rich light, nor Luna's paler beam
Shine ever there, nor jocund bird's sweet song
Is ever heard ; but silence and despair
Reign sole, save when the agonising scream
Of Hope's lorn ghost pierces the murky air.

THE LORE OF TIME

As year by year rolls darkling o'er my head,
I feel aye more and more my nothingness,
See more and more how vain ambition is.
The lofty hope-stars of my vaulting youth,
Drop one by one their magic robes, and fade
Before the light severe of regal Truth,
And all my actions in her balance weighed,
Confess a want I dreamt not of, in sooth.
Alas! my Brothers, what sore grief and pain
We reap from thoughtless youth's delusive views;
How fatal oft the pathway then we choose,
How dearly bought the wisdom that we gain
By stern experience, in our latter years,
Yet is it precious lore, and well repays our tears.

FAITH

True Friends, the world is fraught with devil's truth,
And few there be on whom one may rely,
Therefore 'twere wonder none tho' faith should die,
E'en in the trustful soul of gen'rous youth ;
But be the world, my friends, whate'er it may,
This truth shines ever forth supremely bright,
'Tis best, come weal or woe, to cleave to right,
And leave to God the issue of the way ;
And tho' it chance in Error's wild'ring maze ;
The keenest-visioned soul at times may pine,
Yet God still reigns, and Truth's undying rays
Will pierce the gloom, and shed a joy divine ;
Then be it ours to war 'gainst doubts and fears,
And cherish Faith—the rainbow of our tears.

MONTAIGNE

O, wisest, kindest, teacher of mankind,
Illustrious in thy day, and more so now,
For time hath woven a halo round thy brow,
And enshrined thee in the world's wide mind.
And men misunderstand thee not as when,
In mortal guise, all modestly thou walked,
And to thy dim-souled age rare wisdom talked,
'Tho' ill construed in that priest-ridden then.
With what zest one reads thy pleasant pages,
So gemm'd with wit, so honest, and so broad,
So free from the dull pedantry of sages,
Who weigh down Truth beneath their learning's load;
To thee, Montaigne, the world a debt doth owe,
It ne'er may pay—perchance ne'er truly know.

MILTON

Majestic Milton, great high priest of song ;
Heav'n-nerv'd apostle of true liberty,
Protester stern 'gainst kingly right to wrong,
Upholder of man's native dignity,
Virtue and genius blend sublime in thee,
And round thy life and song a glory glows
Unstain'd and fadeless, while thy haughty foes
Lie hid for aye in dumb oblivion's grave.
O, God-like man, we gather strength and faith
From thy great life ; and, need be, unto death
Will strive our wrongs to crush, our rights to save ;
Yea, count it glory so to yield our breath,
And swell the embryo of a future race
Whose souls will never brook foul slavery's deep disgrace.

A SUMMER INSPIRATION

Round my lone heart, the golden Summer twineth
Soft as the arms of Love, the beauty bright
Of earth, arrayed in robes of living light,
Hath charmed my spirit so, that it divineth
Years yet to come, and sees new heav'ns and earth
Rise garmented in God's eternal smile,
Fairer than Venus when she sprang to birth,
Charming the Ocean-God in his lone isle.
O, rare Anticipation, when shall dawn
That morning redolent of bliss to man—
When, to his throne shall mount thy Sun sublime,
Scatt'ring the mists of misery and sin?
Oh, Holy Christ, the golden age begin,
Whose promise long hath charm'd the eager ear of Time.

TO A POETICAL FRIEND

I thank thee, Hadden, for thy gen'rous praise,
Because I know thine is an honest heart,
Delighting much in homely, heart-born lays,
Esteeming simple nature more than art ;
Ne'er have we met, and ne'er may chance to meet,
Yet have I come to know thee through thy song,
As one who loveth right and hateth wrong,
A manly spirit, and withal a sweet.
Too well I know our mission, brother mine,
By those who worship gold, is held in scorn,
For unto them the only true divine—
Strange fallacy—is cent. per cent. return ;
E'en be it so, ours is the better part,
To walk with Nature and be glad at heart.

THE TRAGEDY OF TRAGEDIES

Fast flows the stream of Time, and bears along
On its broad bosom all of woman born ;
Some hasten on 'midst laughter, wine, and song,
Some jocund sail, and some dejected mourn ;
But all alike make ever for that shore
Where silence reigns, and sunshine never streams,
Where joy or sorrow thrill the heart no more,
Where mad hate blazeth not, nor glad love beams.
And yet, O God, this solemn end in view—
How many live as if no end there were,
Forgetting evermore their mission true,
Ignoring quite the Perfect Good and Fair,
And speeding down Life's Fate impregnèd stream,
Poor hollow mockeries, rounded in a dream.

NATURE'S MINISTRY

O, doubt it not, the Earth's indeed divine,
A glorious revelation born of God ;
Leave then, thy books, and walk with me abroad
O'er its green spaces, 'midst the day's decline,
That slowly merges into evening grey,
The while the mottled mavis pours his lay,
And the gold-beakèd blackbird trills his note,
Rare minstrels both, and fitted well I wis
To smooth the ruffled brow of anxious thought.
Come, let us wander down the bosky brae,
Or in the fragrant woodland lie at ease,
And list the wand'ring music of the brooks,
That teach a wisdom never found in books,
Refresh the mind, and lull the heart to peace.

MORNING

From forth her chamber comes the radiant morn,
All fresh from slumber on the couch of night,
And fair as virgin ere her charms are shorn
By time's rude hand, or sin's more deadly blight,
Ere in her eye hath waned virtue's light,
Or health's rich bloom has fled her velvet cheek ;
Ere sorrow's tooth hath touched her temples white,
And all doth purity and joy bespeak ;
So on the eye this lovely morn does break ;
And e'en as that pure-souled and joyous maiden
Makes glad the heart of all who come her way,
So this sweet morn, with rarest bounties laden,
The heart of man and face of things makes gay—
O, praised be God for Nature's ministry.

LOVE AND MAY

How welcome thy return, delightful May :
What wealth of life and beauty, love and mirth
Spring with thy advent into happy birth ;
How freshly sweet the charms thou dost display,
How many dulcet madrigals are thine,
What rare variety of buds and blades,
What dreams of ruddy fruits and golden glades.
Thine too earth-fresh'ning dews, and skies that shine
That glow with love, and love's eternal stars.
Love woos all seasons true, but surely thou,
Sweet May, his favourite art, for with no bars
Dost thou his suit oppose, but hand in hand,
Trips with him over all the smiling land,
A daintier twain, earth knoweth not, I trow.

AN EVENING WALK IN MAY

Pleasant full sure what time the golden day
Hath melted into sober, silent eve,
With her soft soothing airs ; to solus leave
The city's noise and smoke, and wander where
Green fields, sweet-smelling flowers, and fresh young trees
Make fragrant with their breath the passing breeze.
Yea, surely 'tis a pleasure rich and rare
So-wise to wander in the heart of May,
That month of promise manifold, when life
Seems woven of the very smile of God,
And the green earth below and heav'ns above
Are bathed and balm'd in His o'erflowing love,
Certes, the world with happiness is rife,
And life, despite its cares, far from a grievous load.

UNREQUITED LOVE

I

If in thine eyes I'd any favour found,
If I in aught appeal'd had to thee,
If I had gained the smallest plot of ground,
O, take not these dear vantages from me.
What have I done to damp your favour's fire ;
Have all my erstwhile graces lost their sheen,
Am I no more an object of desire,
But 'mongst the mournful many who have been ?
O, sure, fair lady, some rebate thou'lt give,
For all too heavy is the fatal bill,
Too heavy for thy thrall to pay, and live ;
But well I know thy finely-poised will
Eschews injustice—so I leave with thee
My case, and trust thy magnanimity.

II

Tho' from thy gracious presence banished quite,
Cut off, dear Love, from all commune with thee ;
Yet art thou present to my inner sight,
And in my dreams my lady still I see,
See her fresh faultless form and face so sweet,
Her clear, clean eyes, that map a soul as clean,
Her mien and manners all so exquisite,
That move where'er she may, she moves a queen.
But tho' all this in fancy I behold,
In vision hear thee speak, and see thee smile,
Yet seems it still the atmosphere is cold,
And in my heart a void I feel the while ;
Perchance thou seek'st my constancy to prove,
And so thou hast, for deeper still I love.

III

Think as I may, I cannot think it down,
For still the vision of my Fair I see,
And still the cloud of her disfavour's frown
Broods darkly o'er my soul, ah, woe is me,
That, loving so, I all unwittingly
Should lose her grace, and losing that, the crown,
The keystone of my soul's felicity.
For what were I if doomed from her to part ?
A flower sans sap and sun, a harp unstrung,
A bird robbed of its mate, a lonely heart
By hopeless love and soundless sorrow wrung ;
Queen of my heart, my hope is fixed on thee,
Oh ! with Love's balsam heal my bitter smart,
And from the thrall of woe my spirit free.

IV

It may not be, for still to silence I
Am doomed, and dare not speak above my breath,
Or if I cry, must in the desert cry,
Unheard, unseen, and so-wise meet my death ;
So be it, it were better that I should,
If I no more may see her face to face,
If of her favour there's no likelihood,
Death were a hap befitting well my case.
But sure, my just-souled Lady would not see
Me suffer thus, could I to her make known
How all my hopes and joys are over-thrown ;
But, like Good Angel, haste to succour me,
And so my ever-living faith approve,
That whoso loveth, must for ever love.

V

'Tis done, I've met my Charmer face to face,
 And lip to lip, and won her, heart and hand,
 Partook the rapture of a first embrace,
 And am the proudest man in all the land ;
 A king, by heaven, for who with such a queen,
 Could be aught less, tho' meanest of his kind—
 And who, possessor of so rich a grace,
 Would lag for long the demi-gods behind ?
 Oh ! how I revel in her luscious love,
 And how I glory in her faultless form !
 Sure all the gods—if gods there be above—
 Will envy us, and heaven be in a storm.
 Ah ! foolish Sleep, what gauds are these you bring—
 When Reason nods, wild Fancy has her fling.

VI

A Dream, alas ! for oft I dream of thee,
For thou art ever present to my mind,
To my fond heart the one reality,
The flower, the crown, the glory of thy kind ;
Yet dream it was ; alas, it should be so,
And that, e'en as before, I still must be
A hapless man down-borne by wasting woe,
Who cannot choose but love, but yet must see
All hope of sweet fruition still delayed,
Must nurse a love the loved one may not know,
And be to her as one afar—or dead.
But cease my plaint—Farewell, beloved maid,
The Fates are adverse, 'tis my doom to prove
The deadly pangs of Unrequited Love.

THE LOVER'S MISTAKE

Draped in a purple robe, with gauntlets white,
And dainty hat, propt on a daintier head,
With face so lovely, one felt half-afraid
To gaze too freely on a star so bright ;
Bird-like she fluttered by, leaving behind
A mingled sense of loveliness and light,
A memory that will linger in the mind
While life remains, as something exquisite.
So did I feel, not hoping e'er to see
That radiant creature this side heav'n again—
Unwitting all the while that it was thee,
That had so charm'd thy tender-hearted swain.
So be it, Dear, I justly am reproved,
And as the issue, thou more deeply loved.

LOVE AND HONOUR

Tho' much I long to see, I see thee not,
For but to see thee wakes within my soul
Emotions I am powerless to control,
And hopes and wishes with disaster fraught ;
But tho' thy winsome face I never see,
And never clasp in mine thy dainty hand,
Yet art thou in the spirit still with me,
To cheer, to charm, to counsel, and command.
Thus, like the Powers Invisible, thou art
An ever-present, blessèd verity,
Light of my soul, and solace of my heart ;
Forgive, then, what may seem a slight on thee,
For tho' my love be strong, mine honour still
Is stronger than my love, more potent than my will.

BY THE DEE

Delightful Dee, near whose fair banks mine eyes
First opened on the lovely light of day,
What time the August sun with rip'ning ray,
'Gan tinge the fields with Autumn's welcome dyes—
Once more I wander by thy waters clear,
To mark the touch of Spring in field and grove,
And list the song of birds, inspired by love,
Who woo their mates with mingled hope and fear :
Sweet are their voices—for the theme is sweet,
And in their songs is all the keen desire,
The golden fervour of that subtle fire
So great in power, in compass so complete.
Alas ! that I, 'midst such a scene, must mourn
A living love, that meets with no return.

NATURE

We prate of Nature in a paltry way,
For, after all, of her we little know,
Know little of her splendid potency,
The when she may deny, or when bestow ;
We gauge her by her passing moods too much,
And are uplifted or depressed by these ;
Are deeply learnèd in her draperies—
But all too rarely come to naked touch.
One golden day of hers in pomp excels
The noblest lay that poet ever sang,
And in her heart a latent potency dwells,
For ever vital and for ever young.
We know Her not, with all our Science, Art—
And have not won, and ne'er may win, her heart.

FAILURE

I little hoped, and therefore do not feel .
One slightest touch of disappointment sour :
In sober truth 'tis not within the power
Of aught that's mortal, to or hurt, or heal
The primal soul in me, that calmly takes
Whate'er may hap ; the darkest, deadliest hour
Dismays it not, misfortune only breaks
The stubborn crust, and gives some latent flower
Free passage its fresh beauty to reveal ;
And deeper and more potent ever makes
My fadeless faith in His eternal plan,
Who marks and moulds the destiny of man,
And works but for the universal weal,
On whom I lean, my pillar, and my tower.

AN EVENING STROLL

The maiden moon from forth her starry bower,
Peeps coyly down upon the musing earth ;
No city sounds in this lone spot have birth,
But solemn silence swathes the charmed hour,
More dear to me than all earth's gauds and mirth—
Pure in its source, and priceless in its worth,
And never failing in its subtle power.
O, God be praised, for such a precious dower,
Which gives a tint of heaven to common life,
And smooths the wrinkles on the brow of care,
Lends needed strength to meet life's sturt and strife,
And saves the doubting soul from dumb despair.
Which, be or smooth, or rough, our devious road,
Yet leads us ever to, and leaves us with our God.

THE UNIVERSE AND MAN

Vast is the Universe, and greater still,
Beyond the highest reach of thought, is He
Who form'd, and rules the dread immensity,
And moulds it like a potter to His will.
Small is the brain of man, alas, too small
To justly gauge a work so passing great,
To vainly set himself to predicate
The multiform movements of the All ;
Or, vainer still, essay to judge the Power,
The boundless, soundless, Self-existant Soul,
Who out of Thought eterne evolved the whole,
Strewed space with worlds, with beauty graced the flower.
Yet man, proud man, despite his littleness,
Too oft of God doth arrogate the place.

HUMAN LIFE

From reason's dawn this life has been to me
An ocean all too deep for man to sound,
And time has only made it more profound,
And tinctured more and more with tragedy.
Yet can I never think the Source of All
Can other be than good, as He is wise,
Or that—whatever sorrows may arise—
Woe irretrievable can e'er befall.
Mine rather be the larger, happier faith,
That sees in suffering but a sacred fire
To purge the soul, and lead it to aspire
To holier life, beyond the bourne of death.
Tho' in the Potter's hands we are but clay,
He not in wrath, but love, moulds us away.

PASSION

A gust of passion all too oft destroys
What it took years of anxious thought to build,
And scatters cherished hopes and precious joys,
And ruin works that ne'er may be repealed ;
Then be it ours against such gusts to guard
Our treasured bowers of peace and happiness,
For life at best is all too dark and hard
For us to risk out of mere wantonness
The little good it holds : besides, it speaks
But poorly for our manliness of mind,
Trails in the dust our dignity, and shakes
Our faith in the advancement of our kind ;
And, more than all—the keystone of the case—
We sin by acting so, 'gainst God's abounding grace.

NOT WHAT WE HAVE, BUT ARE

We want too much, want more than we deserve,
And that which getting, oft doth tend withal
To lead the wayward, wanton heart to swerve
From virtue's paths, and to perdition fall ;
'Tis not by what we have, but what we are,
We should be judged, and we are good or bad
As we live nigh to God, or from Him far.
O, surely then 'tis tragically sad
To see men plot and plan, and strive and strain
To gather wealth, gain glory, power, and state ;
Yea, sacrifice for these, their fellow-men,
As if this were of life the ultimate.
Oh, Holy Christ, that men could only see
The beauty of Thy life, and strive to live like Thee.

SIXTY-NINE

No power have I to 'tard Time's rapid flight,
No wizard spell so potent, so refined,
That while it flies, I may sit snug behind,
A knowledge-gath'ring, but unaging wight.
And so it comes that I am cornered quite,
And through sheer lapse of years am really old ;
For tho' the spirit's still alert and bright,
The cottage where it dwells, from base to roof,
Has ceased to be or wind or water-proof.
Nay more, the brain—prime organ of the mind—
Hath lost its tone, and neither love nor gold
Can regulate its keys so manifold :
To sum—tho' after all, why should I whine—
Beyond all doubt, I'm agèd Sixty-Nine.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

The stone which late I touch'd, and touching, passed—
But which I ne'er shall touch and pass again—
Falls now, Dear Friend, to thee, thou best of men.
God grant thou touch *it*, and full many more,
Ere thou dost reach the melancholy last,
A hap, which living, I would deep deplore—
For over me a God-wove spell thou'st cast,
Which, strong from first its power doth still retain
To nerve the heart, and vivify the brain—
A power which not misfortune's fiercest blast
May shake, more manifest than heretofore
In these dark days of failing health and hope,
When I am fitted ill with Fate to cope—
A wing-broke bird that hath small power to soar.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET

Yet, yet again, my dear and dainty Friend,
A glow of gladness warms my lonely heart,
And for a space I rise above the mart,
While, of thee thinking, I select and send
This little gem of rare poetic art,
Wherein pure golden fancies sweetly blend
With joyous thoughts, and darker thoughts that smart :
In very sooth a picture finely true
Of human life—its pleasure and its pain,
Limn'd by a pencil dipped in Nature's dew,
A world-old song—yet ever fresh and new,
Which one unwearied cons and cons again.
Forgive, Dear Friend, if aught I've sung unmeet,
And may thy Christmas gracious prove and sweet.

THE LORD OF LIFE :
AN ODE, ETC.

THE LORD OF LIFE : AN ODE

Forever and forever, Lord,
The Lord of Life forever ;
The wert, and art,
The Primal Heart,
The Eternal Tree,
The was, and is, and is to be,
Forever and forever.
O, mystery profound, supreme,
Beyond or saint's or sage's dream :
Too vast for poet's theme.

Unnumbered worlds, slowly made,
Developed from the primal shred—
Have starred the heavens for a space,
And born and moulded each the race
That fitted best the chartered plan,
Demon or angel, ape or man—

Then faded as a fragile flower,
When they had summed their destined hour,
Through nebulous obscurity
Passed to the nevermore to be.

But Thou remainest still the same,
Forever changing, yet the same ;

Forever and forever, Lord,
The Lord of Life, forever,
The wert, and art,
The Primal Heart,
The Eternal Tree,

The was, and is, and is to be,
Forever and forever.

O, mystery profound, supreme,
Beyond or saint's or sage's dream,
Too vast for poet's theme.

The creeds that fain would mirror Thee,
Alas, for man's impotency—
Or pure and high, or dark and low,
Blossom and perish—come and go,

Their purpose serve ; or well, or ill,
Their inborn destiny fulfil—
Then fade into obscurity,
And cease a vital power to be.

But Thou remainest still the same,
Forever changing, yet the same,
 Forever and forever, Lord,
 The Lord of life, forever,
 The wert, and art,
 The Primal Heart,
 The Eternal Tree,
The was, and is, and is to be,
 Forever and forever.

O, mystery profound, supreme,
Beyond or saint's or sage's dream,
 Too vast for poet's theme.

The *what* Thou art, we can but guess,
The *where* Thou art, or art not, less ;
Yet hast Thou still enough revealed
An all-unerring chart to yield,

For earth below, and worlds afar—
To the unnamed, remotest star—
Alike the glorious faith approve
That Thou art Wisdom, Justice, Love.

And surely this to show,
Sufficeth us to know,
For what, O, Lord, are we
When measured by Thee?
Motes in infinity.

But Thou remainest still the same,
Forever changing, yet the same,
Forever and forever, Lord,
The Lord of Life, forever,
The wert, and art,
The Primal Heart,
The Eternal Tree,
The was, and is, and is to be,
Forever and forever.

O, mystery profound, supreme,
Beyond or saints, or sage's dream,
Too vast for poets theme.

A DREAM

Methought I died, yet dying, still cognised
The outward shape and inner sense of things,
And in my coffin stretch'd did wait the time
When they should lift and hearse me as is wont.
The hearse I thought, stood ready at the door,
With nodding plumes dense black, and stately steeds
That seemed from ebon carved, their tails and manes
Superbly long, and groom'd to daintiness ;

 All this I knew, and saw more clear than e'er
In living hours I'd ever known or seen—
But yet I lay, the coffin all unmoved,
And still the black hearse with its ebon steeds
Stood at the door, devoid of motion all,
Mute as the slumbr'ing mountains in the night.

How long supine I waited patiently
I have no guess, for that my sense of time
Seemed quite obliterate—no sound I heard
Of man, or beast, or any living thing,
The wind nor moved, nor murmured, and the wave
Forgot its motion and its melody.
All things seemed spell-bound, earth and heav'n transfix'd ;
Then darkness came—tho' still I all could see—
And in the heavens the sun stood black, and day
And night seemed fused in one, and all the stars
Hung dusk and motionless, from forth a vault
Of denser darkness still—What could it mean ?
What could so terrible a scene portend ?
The thought distress'd, oppress'd, and filled my soul.
Meanwhile time passed—if one may speak of time,
Who had of it all sense and record lost—
And still I pondering lay, beholding all,
With much of dread, but more of wonderment.
Anon, another change, and all the scene
That I erstwhile had viewed so vividly
Passed in a moment from my straining sight,

And from the blank opaque a great voice came—
Profoundly deep as ocean's unplumm'd depths,
And louder than the thunder's loudest boom—
Proclaiming that the end of all had come ;
Dead, dead ; the Universe forever-more.
Then lost I power of feeling, hearing, sight,
All save the solitary sense alone
That the mysterious Being we call God—
Tho' shuffling off His garb, the universe—
Did still in undiminished potency
Sit throned in space, in splendours too severe
For aught created to behold, and live.

THE GREAT MYSTERY

We are a mystery to ourselves, and we
Are rounded, bounded, by a Mystery ;
Tho' much we know—according to our deeming—
Our knowledge is for most, but seeming,
Our deepest wisdom, vaguest dreaming.

We are still less than small,
Contrasted with the All ;
Narrow our brains, and dense,
And warped by brutal sense,
Our vision all so dim,
We scarce can scan the rim
Of Truth's eternal sea ;
And can but guess—for we not know—
The everlasting ebb and flow,
Of Being's Mystery.

Yet still we analyze,
And weigh, and sort, and size,
And crudely classify,
And pertly dogmatise,
And boast of certainty—

Thinking, forsooth, we've read the riddle plain,
Posing as gods the while, tho' oftimes less than men.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

It is a populous city
The City of the Dead,
It hath no bowels of pity
This ever-growing city,
That long ere earth knew man,
With deep far-reaching plan
Its tentacles had spread.

On land and sea this city lies,
The City of the Dead—
There is no spot beneath the skies
The where its habitats not rise,
Extending, still extending—
So hath it been, and so will be
With this grim, ghastly city,
That has no bowels of pity,
Whose growth seems all unending.

On hill and dale, by land and sea,
Wherever life has been—can be,
It wieldeth power, and taketh toll
Of all upon the burgess roll
 Of this unpitying city ;
And will until the crack of doom
The universe itself consume ;
 For ah ! it hath no pity,
No faintest touch, or trace,
Of sense, or ruth, or grace,
This all-absorbing city,
 The City of the Dead.

FAIR, BUT FRAIL : A TRAGEDY

Nay, judge her not, we do not know
The inner history of her life,
Her aspirations, failures, strife
With grim conditions far too strong
For human nature to prolong,
The all unequal contest dire
'Twixt feeble will and passion's fire ;
Nor all the long remorse and woe.

'Tis not for creatures of a day,
The good or ill to gauge, to weigh,
The final word to say.
For virtue ebbs, and virtue flows,
And what is really good or ill,
The wisest man not always knows,
The foolish never will.

The Primal Power who forms the seed,
And did this seedling sow—
Alone can judge each thought and deed,
For He alone doth know.

Then judge her not, but rather mourn
That one at least so passing fair—
A bloom of beauty that did bliss
Our vision with its loveliness—
So soon should pass from earth to air,
Distracted and forlorn.

MEMORIAL VERSES
ETC.

MEMORIAL VERSES

BURNS

It needs no words of mine
 To say or sing his praise,
Whose name for aye will shine,
 Immortal as his lays.
Yet can I not refrain
 On this his Natal Day,
Tho' rude and weak my strain—
 A tributary lay,

To tell how he has been
 To me a spring of joy,
In this care-parched scene
 A bliss without alloy.

How year by year his song
Hath sweeter seemed to me,
More truthful still and strong,
His satire swift and free.

How in his lays I've found
A soul-inspiring light,
A wisdom meek, profound,
A pathos exquisite.
And how the royal heart
That throbs in every line,
More than the poet's art,
Has soothed and strengthen'd mine.

O, king of Scottish song,
O, poet of the poor,
So sweet, and yet so strong,
With touch so fine and sure,
Tho' sleeping in thy grave,
"Tho' dead, thou speakest still,"
We pity much the knave
Whose heart thou can'st not thrill ;

And scorn the sour-souled saint
Who doubts thy right to fame,
And with foul breath would taint
Thy glory-gilded name.
For me, let come what may,
I'll ever hold thee dear,
And deem thy Natal Day
The glory of the year.

JANET HAMILTON

GLASGOW

A sweeter soul ne'er entered into rest,
A riper spirit ne'er forsook its clay,
A purer heart ne'er mingled with the blest,
A soul more faithful, never passed away.
Death unto her was as a pleasant sleep,
The short dark hour that vergeth on the day;
Thus tho' we weep, Hope smileth while we weep,
And through the darkness shoots a cheering ray.
We feel, in sooth—and sorrow while we feel—
That from our 'midst has passed a gracious light,
A spirit gifted with the Poet's sight,
A noble heart that laboured for our weal;
All this we feel—yet praise to God belongs,
Who, blessing her, did dower us with her songs.

TENNYSON

If we are rich in all that goes
To make a nation great and free,
What had we been, and what our foes,
If God had not vouchsafèd thee ?

O, Patriot, Poet, Glorious Soul,
Humanely sweet, divinely strong,
Love was thy pole-star, Truth thy goal ;
High priest of liberty and song.

Beyond our love, beyond our praise,
Howe'er profuse our praise—our love,
Outsoaring still the loftiest lays
Thy star serenely shines above.

O, laurel-wreathed, immortal crowned ;
Thy power for good will never cease,
But evermore, as earth moves round,
Still make for Righteousness and Peace.

O, blessed mission, happy man,
Dowered with high Heaven's celestial fire—
Who led below the God-ward van,
Who leads above the earth-born choir.

WILLIAM MINTO

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND LITERATURE
MARISCHAL COLLEGE, ABERDEEN

Our Sun hath set, and we are left
Without the gracious light he gave,
Of light and leading both bereft—
We gather round his early grave.

With heart-felt sorrow gather round,
In solemn silence, as is best ;
For surely it is holy ground
Where our great Leader lies at rest.

He shed a light on every theme
He touched, and gave us eyes to see
The meaning of the poet's dream,
The hidden soul of history.

He showed the sequence and the sense
Of words—the ministers of thought—
With that potential eloquence
Which to the mind conviction brought.

He led the van of Liberty
In thought and action, heart and speech ;
Lived, bravely lived, the life that he
With such rare opulence did teach.

His kindly heart and manly mind,
His wit, his learning, and his grace,
We *may* not in another find,
Whoever fills his honoured place.

Ah ! meet in deed his loss to mourn,
His work was great for years so few ;
A life labourious, nobly borne,
True to the end, to duty true.

REV. THOMAS MORICE
WHO DIED AT ST. PAUL, MIN., U.S.A.,
FEBRUARY 29TH, 1893

Unknown to him the world's dark ways,
A single-minded, ardent youth,
An earnest lover of the truth,
Who lived for duty, not for praise.

He might have chosen the busy mart,
And won the brazen-faced renown,
Which money brings to many a clown,
He might—but virtue fired his heart,

And led him into other fields,
Fields greener, sweeter, nearer God ;
He chose the straight and narrow road,
And gained the fame that goodness yields.

And at the post of duty fell,
Fell in the grace and bloom of youth—
A faithful martyr for the Truth
He loved so deeply, taught so well.

We mourn his loss, for he was dear,
“Bone of our bone,” our brightest, best ;
But may not murmur, for our rest,
By God’s ordainment, is not here.

And He who called him ever gives
The needed strength to bear the cross ;
The bitter sorrow of his loss—
Who, dying here, in glory lives.

WILLIAM CADENHEAD

POET, ABERDEEN

His honest, happy, social face,
Dowered with a manly winsomeness,
Will nevermore our City grace.

Those eyes that were so quick to see,
So full of human sympathy,
Are darkened everlastingly.

The genial smile, the kindly word,
The apt reply, when sudden stirred,
Will nevermore be seen or heard.

The tender heart that loved to save,
The ready hand that freely gave,
Alike lie mould'ring in the grave.

Now idle hangs his harp, no more
He'll touch its strings, as heretofore,
To charm us with his minstrel lore.

We mourn the man, we miss the bard,
For both stood high in our regard—
Ah ! death, than life, is still more hard.

Adieu, rare heart, farewell, staunch friend ;
We too, like thee, will have an end,
The where-to all things mortal tend.

Oh ! may we 'yond this vexèd vale,
The mortal, made immortal, hail ;
And find at last, that all is well.

KING EDWARD VII

Not by hereditary right alone
Was he a King—that was the lesser part,—
The true foundations of his splendid throne
Lay in the Nation's heart.

His people loved him for his manly worth,
Revered him for his wisdom as a King ;
And men of every creed o'er all the earth
To him did tributes bring.

He loved his people with whole-hearted love,
And staunch to duty in his inmost soul,
For their advantage thought, and planned, and strove,
Their good his only goal.

Himself he spared not, from the hour the crown
His head first circled, but all freely gave
To this his mind and heart, and but laid down
His burden at the grave.

Brief was his reign, too brief alas, for us—
But long will linger this unique renown,
That all his deeds, firm-based on Righteousness,
Did glorify his crown.

Then to the earth commit his honoured dust,
And deep upon our hearts his virtues scroll,
And leave to God in humble, hopeful trust,
The issues of his soul.

JOHN LONGMORE

ABERDEEN

Viewed by the grace-purg'd eye of faith,
Death unto him was life, not death ;
Time's faded garments he put by,
To don a robe of fadeless dye ;
Care's cross, all patient borne, laid down,
To wear the victor's well-won crown,
And quitted this perplexing scene,
For spheres where life flows sweet, serene.
And tho' we miss his *figure* dear,
We feel his spirit ever near,
And not far off the period when
We'll see him face to face again,
And with him to perfection move
Stage after stage, upheld by love ;

His love, who made, and moves the whole,
Who ere recorded time began,
Formed in the elements of man
The germ of an Immortal soul.

And so it comes we sorrow not, but give
Glory to Him through whom we are and live,
Whose grace implanted deep within his heart
The power to choose and live "the better part."

JOHN WORDIE

GLASGOW

We mourn his loss as one might mourn
The passing of a brother dear,
And such he was, in sooth, while here,
Tho' low our state, and lowly born.

A saner man ne'er breathed life's breath,
A kindlier man we never met ;
Ah, God, the ruthlessness of fate,
The grim inconsequence of death.

Yet surely this is not the end
Of that fair life which he did live,
And after time to us will give
In other spheres our vanished friend.

At least we'll nurse this cheering faith,
Tho' o'er his loss we sorrow must—
And in His love and justice trust,
Who holds the keys of life and death.

ON FINISHING "FESTUS : A POEM"

BY P. J. BAILEY

The rare creation of a mind
Deep, serious, subtle, clear, refined ;
Here phantasy as high and broad
As the great universe of God ;
Here wisdom as its bases deep,
And clear as heav'n's crystal steep ;
Here fire more golden than the sun's,
And music set in union sweet
With the God-harmony that runs
From star to star on love-winged feet ;
Here all the graces rich combine
To form a work all but divine.

“STRANGE FIRE”

Perennial beauty glorifies the stars,
And harmony divine that ever moves
Obedient to the wisdom and the will
Of the invisible, eternal Power,
Who ever was, and evermore shall be—
So sung my soul as one by one out-shone
In the blue heights of heav’n the orbs of God,
So sung my soul, and singing so, was glad.
But when I reached the brazen town, and heard
From forth its haughty temples, harshly sound
What men, self-flattering, call “the praise of God,”—
Self-praise for most, vain praise, and vainly loud,
As if the Eternal God with age were deaf—
An agonising load of bitter thoughts
Dragged down to earth my heav’n-aspiring soul,
And crushed the golden blossoms of my bliss.
O, when shall dawn the Truth on Christendom,
When will the people cease to offer up “strange fire?”

I'M WEARY, LET ME DIE

The bloom of Life is shed,
Cold grows the world to me,
The glory of the sun is dead,
The music of the sea.
The cup of Life is drained,
The teats of joy are dry,
Out-lived the lover and the friend,
I'm weary, let me die.

From flow'r to flow'r I've stray'd,
Through Nature, Science, Art,
With every passion madly played,
And played with my own heart ;
Yea, more, with Heaven play'd,
Played with the Powers on high—
Ah me, the universe is dead,
I'm weary, let me die.

STANZAS TO A FRIEND

If I could sing, as I have sung,
Then might I tell to thee,
How dear I hold thy gracious ways,
Spontaneous, kindly, free.

How in thy happy home I've found—
What nowhere else I find—
The sympathy that soothes the heart
And renovates the mind.

The fruitful talk that palleth not,
The wit that hides no sting,
The humour rich that brings a rush
Of laughter on its wing.

The lovely pictures that adorn
The walls so fresh and fair,
And—lying nearer to my heart,—
The books and booklets *rare*.

The cheerful hearth, the dainty board,
Graced by a creature bright,
A tender woman chaste and wise,
A housewife exquisite.

All these—and tenfold more than these—
I would, if I could sing,
But shivered is my simple lute,
And shorn my muse's wing.

STANZAS

Be what I may in public life,
At least in private let me be
Considerate, kind, entirely free,
From all that appertains to strife.

For there, the causes have no place,
Which in the world force one to wear
A stormy brow and eyes severe,
And lip of haughty scornfulness.

Then be it mine my Home to make
Of calm domestic peace the bower,
Encircling it with love-built tower,
A citadel no storm can shake.

IN THE GRAVEYARD

Here one may linger musingly
 'Neath venerable trees,
That glimmer in the golden sun
 And ripple in the breeze.

The peace of God is surely here,
 And here is nature's balm,
For here the sacred dead repose
 In death's immortal balm.

How silent all, how old, yet young,
 For here they blended meet—
The slowly mould'ring ancient stones,
 And flowers a few days sweet.

One feels his nature sanctified
 Within this hallowed place,
Where one shakes hands with Death, and reads
 God's message in his face.

The glamour of all mortal gauds,
Ambition, pleasure, gain—
Seen in this light severe, grows dim,
And all their splendours vain.

The primal elements of life
Assert their pristine power,
And God within the spirit's depths
Shines out at such an hour.

THE RIVER

Flow on my natal river*

Towards thy goal, the sea,
Ah ! soon, dear stream, forever
Thou'lt pass, unseen by me.

For I draw nigh my ending,
And naught my course may stay,
And with the past is blending
Life's wavelets every day.

O, but 'tis sweetly pleasing
To see thee gliding by,
And to the sad heart easing
Thy gurgling monody.

*The Dee.

And in the past, in summer,
In autumn, winter, spring—
For I've been aye a roamer,
A bird upon the wing—

Alike in joy and sorrow,
I've wandered by thy wave,
And will till some to-morrow
Consign me to the grave.

And that I feel is nearing
My sands are nearly run—
Yet go I all unfearing,
With but God's will be done.

LIFE

'Tis past—the reign of Fancy's o'er,
Her golden glamour charms no more,
Illusion wields no more the sway
She, star-crown'd, held in earlier day ;
The velvet robe of life, grown thin,
Reveals the nakedness within ;
The tree of life that bloomed so fair,
Now shows all bent and gaunt, and bare ;
The strong-wing'd bird, that knew no bound,
Its pinions pluck'd, now walks the ground ;
And life, robbed of its grace and bloom,
Hangs by a hair above the tomb ;
For all, or high or low their state,
Must yield at last to time and fate ;
And all of mortal mould return
To Nature's calm impartial urn ;
O, happy he, whose soul by faith
Redeemed, shall pass to life through death.

IMPROMPTU
TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTHDAY

May He "in whom we live and move,"
The source of wisdom, truth and love—
Who hitherto thy steps hath led
Through weal and woe, through sun and shade,
Whose grace has kept thy mind elate
To honourable sixty-eight,
Be with thee still, to lead, inspire,
With His illuminating fire.
And may thy dear and dainty mate,
Be spared to soothe and grace thy state,
Until life finds its meet end,
My old, my dear, my worthy friend ;
And if—as saints and sages deem—
The future life be not a dream,
May both alike partakers be
Of its supreme felicity.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP: TO A LADY

Love hath rare raptures, but the pains
Too oft out-weigh the fevered gains ;
Be 't mine to choose the saner part,
And give to Friendship all my heart ;
Friendship that fades not with the years,
But lives and thrives thro' smiles and tears ;
A precious flower, whose gracious bloom
Gives joy to life, grace to the tomb.

And sure such boon Heav'n gave to me,
When first, Dear Friend, I met with thee,
And spite misfortune, care, and pains,
Thy rare regard its power retains ;
Yea, these to it have only given
The touch that's less of earth than heaven,
And on my heart its glamour glows
Like morning sunshine on a rose.

A SABBATH MORNING SIXTY YEARS AGO

The Sabbath morning brightly breaks,
 Fresh, silent, sweet, serene ;
And in my mind the memory wakes
 Of long past morns I've seen,
When these now silver locks were brown,
 My chastened fancy gay,
And life for me had scarce a frown
 In youth's long vanished day.

I see my worthy father's face,
 Severely reverent—
My mother's sweeter saintliness,
 More mother still than saint,
I hear the morning psalm ascend,
 Sincere, if void of art,
For if our voices failed to blend,
 We all were one in heart.

And list the chosen chapter read
In which I took a share—
The brief comments my father made,
The simple, earnest prayer.
This o'er, the frugal breakfast soon
Smokes on the table white,
And each one deftly plys the spoon,
Till all has vanished quite.

Then grave, and marshalled orderly,
We take the 'customed road,
To the grey building nigh the Dee,
Long consecrate to God.
Join in the praise, join in the prayer,
And to the Preacher list,
And feel the while that He is there,
As promised by The Christ.

Then back again we wend our way
Towards our home obscure,
Refreshed and strengthened inwardly,
Our faith more vivid, sure.

Nor fails our father to improve
The gracious lessons given,
To magnify the God of Love,
And press the claims of Heaven.

O, Happy Days, what would I give
As then I was to be, .
A life as simple, pure, to live,
With faith from doubt as free.
We gain in knowledge, but oft pay
Too dearly for our gain,
And find, when ends Life's long-drawn day,
Our boasted knowledge vain.

A NIGHT SCENE

A spacious heaven rich blue, and sans a cloud,
Thro' which throbbed multitudinous the stars,
The sacred history of th' Eternal God,
And on whose bosom lay the full-orbed moon,
The autumn moon that brings the harvest home,
And seems to glory in the golden grain.
O, but the dear old Earth is beautiful,
The silent mountains, in their strength serene,
Transfigured stand, and seem the hills of heaven.
The glamour'd streams, to laureate poets turn'd,
Sing as they flow towards the deep-souled sea,
In lofty odes, and liquid lyrics sweet
The praise of Dian, night's unsullied Queen,
And ancient Ocean with his harp sublime,
Exalts and rounds the never-dying praise.

How still, how gracious, God-like is the scene,
And ah, how vain seen in its light serene,
The wretched tumult of our daily lives,
The mean ambitions, and the meaner hates
That blast the beauty of this lovely earth,
And of a paradise a pandemonium make.

SUNRISE

Along the dusky mountain tops
Slow steals the flush of morn,
And ridge by ridge the glory spreads—
Another day hath birth.

The tree tops on yon rising ground
Now share the golden sheen,
And in the distance—faint but sure,
A light lies on the sea.

The sense of life is in the air,
And from the dewy fields
The faithful lark with happy heart
Springs up to greet the sun.

AN EPITAPH

Here lies this modest stone beneath,
The sole concession made to death,
By one, who staunch to truth below,
The wreath of triumph weareth now.
Long was his life, and gracious here,
His actions just, his heart sincere,
And faithfully the path he trod
That leads and led his soul to God.
Sad are our hearts, for much they miss
The passing of a man like this,
But Heaven—to mitigate the pain—
Tho' great our loss, hath greater made his gain.

DESTINY

What is the outward world to me,
The gauds of fortune, chance, or fate ;
What time, weighed with eternity,
Now, with the ultimate.

I am Myself, whate'er may be
The motions of this mundane life,
My primal soul's too deep a sea
To feel the surface strife.

Or rich or poor, or high or low,
Respected, doubted, or abhorred,
My charted way I onward go,
Of mine own soul the lord.

No earthly hap can mar for long
The peace that's centred in my mind,
I lodge my sorrows in a song,
And give them to the wind.

On, on—my motto still is on,
Towards the far-seen, glorious goal,
Upheld and led by God alone,
The lodestar of my soul.



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